

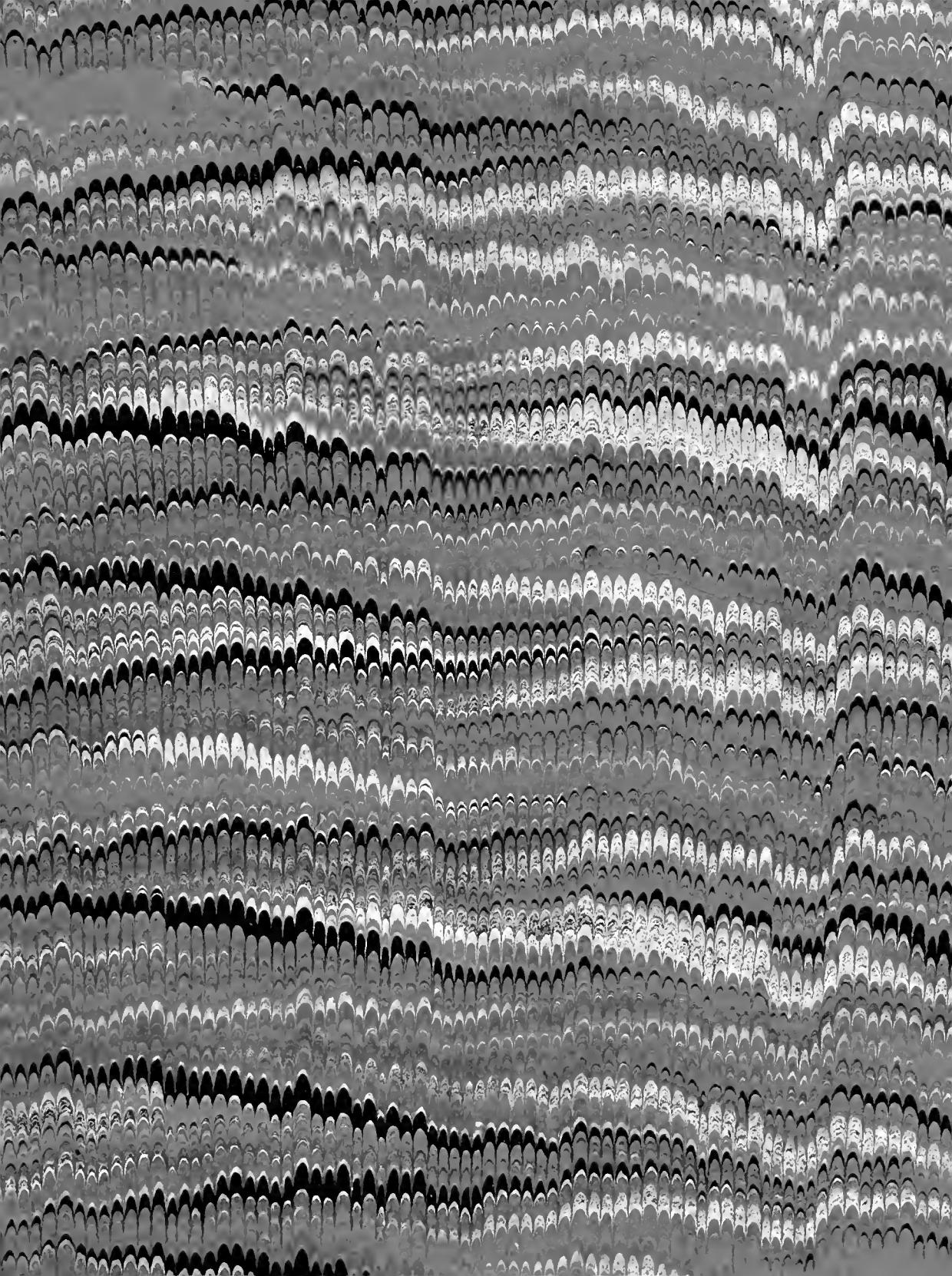
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The Frost at Night



by
John G. Whittier



THE FROST SPIRIT.
WORSHIP OF NATURE.

BY
JOHN G. WHITTIER.



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LOUIS K. HARLOW.

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THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace
his footsteps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown
hill's wither'd brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their
pleasant green came forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken
them down to earth.







He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen
Labrador—

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear
wanders o'er—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms
below

In the sunless cold of the atmosphere into marble statues grow!







He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing
Northern blast,

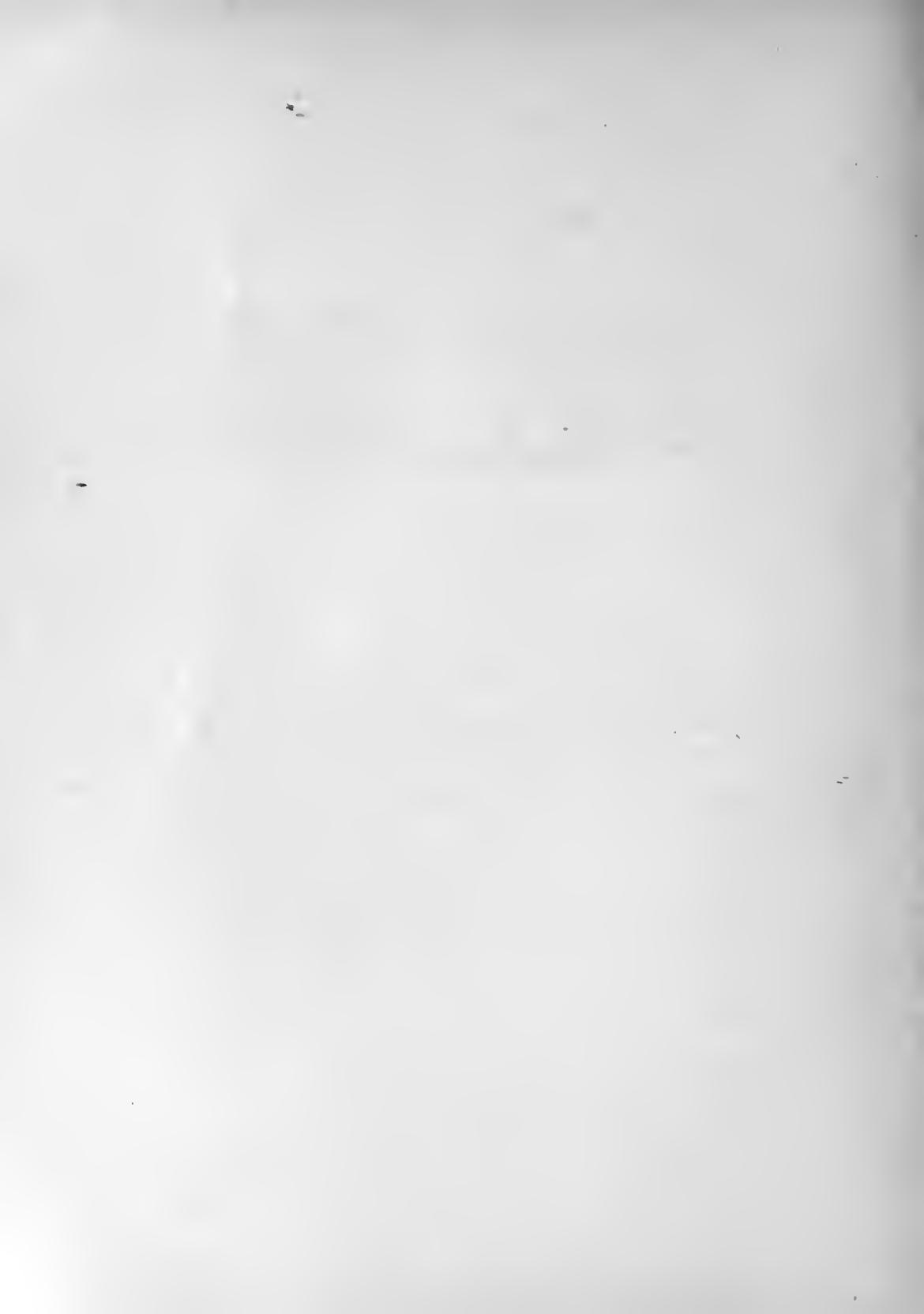
And the dark Norwegian pines have bow'd as his fearful breath
went past.

With an unscorch'd wing he has hurried on, where the fires of
Hecla glow

On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.



He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! and the quiet
lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skaters'
heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to
the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence
pass.





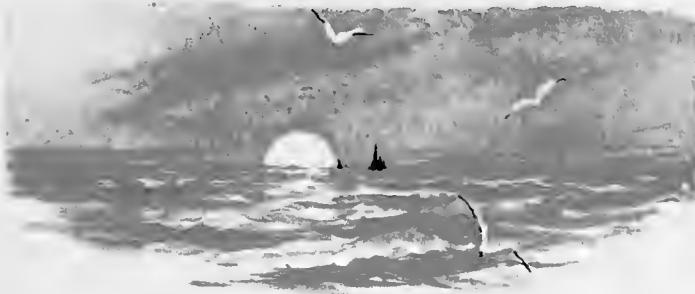
He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as
we may,

And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;

And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances
high,

And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding
wing goes by.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

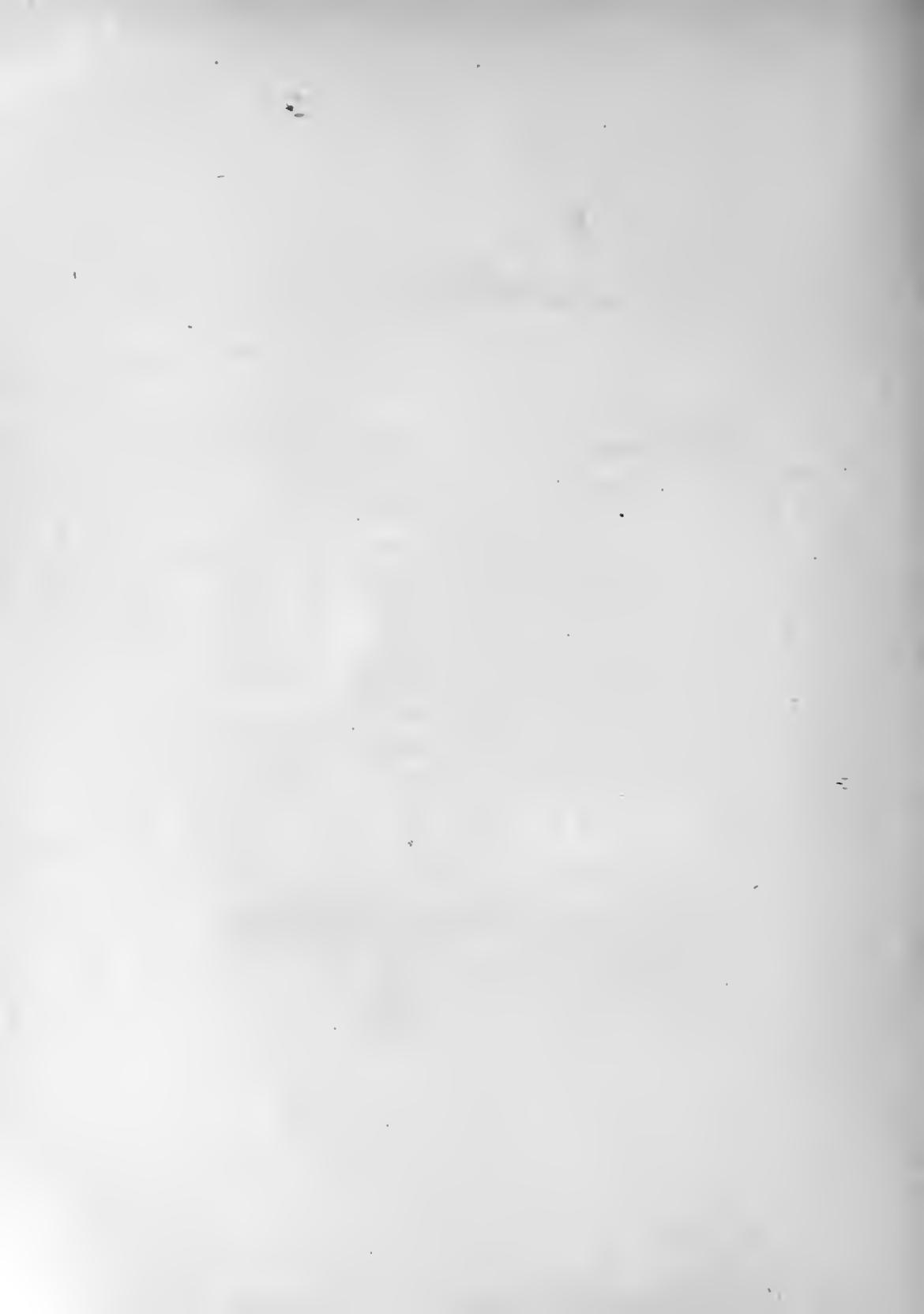


"It hath beeene as it were especially rendered unto mee and made plaine and legible to my understandyng that a great worshipp is going on among the thyngs of God."—*Gratt.*

The Ocean looketh up to Heaven,
As 't were a living thing,
The homage of its waves is given
In ceasless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The Priesthood of the Sea !







They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.







The mists are lifted from the rills
Like the white wing of prayer,
They lean above the ancient hills
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On Nature as on men.





The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers of prayer.





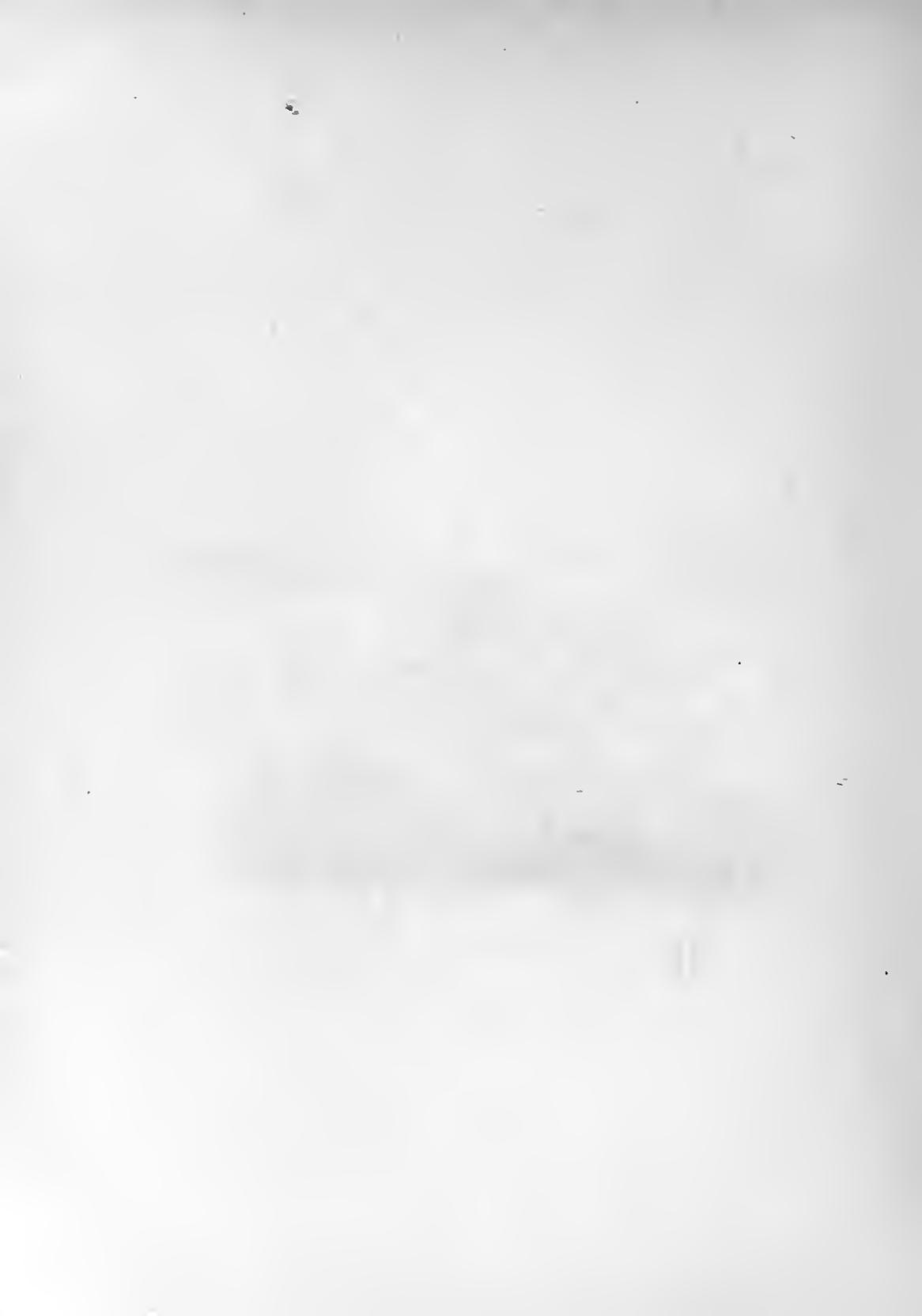
The clouds weep o'er the fallen world
E'en as repentant love ;
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurl'd
They fade in light above.



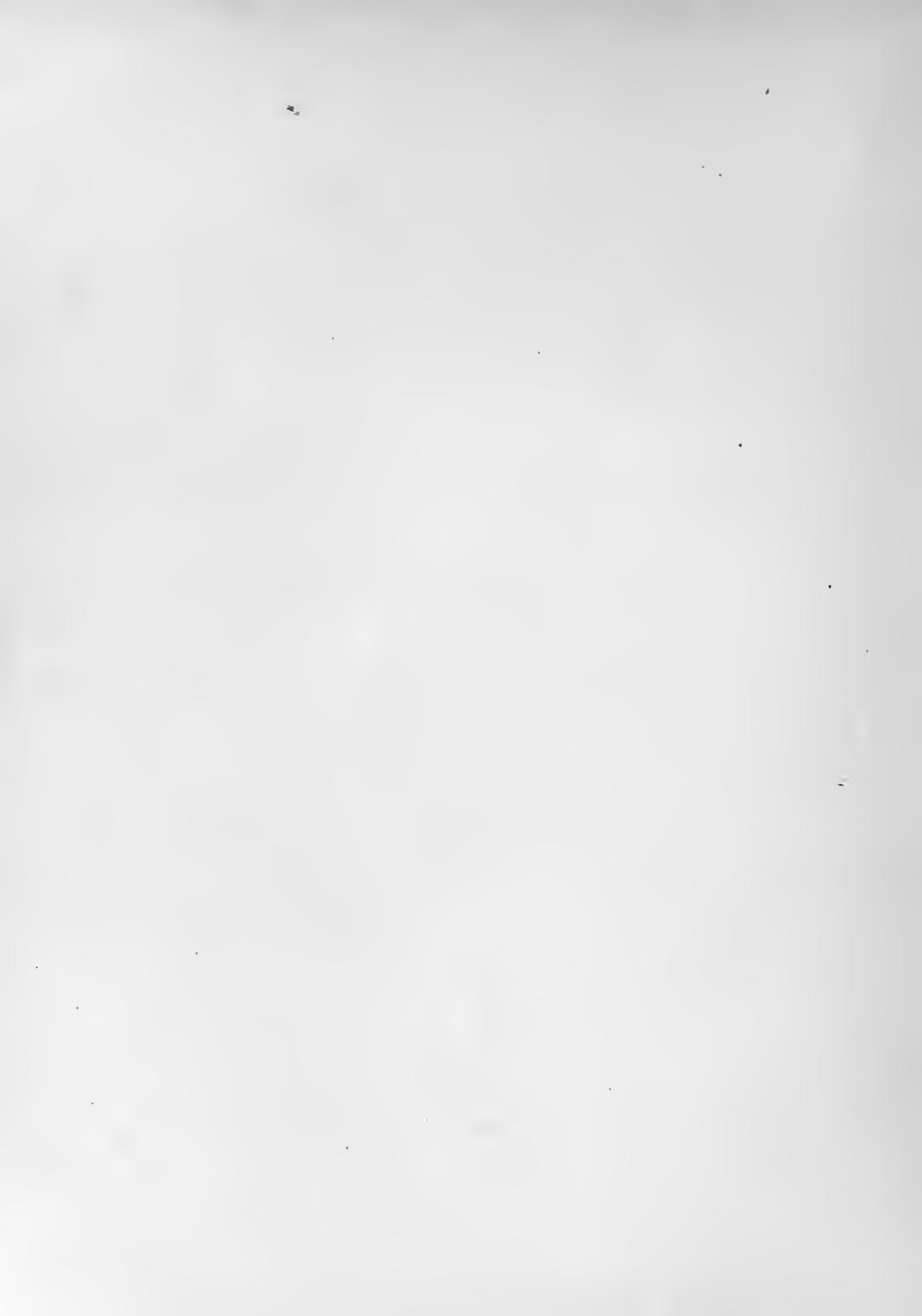


The gentle moon—the kindling sun—
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—
The altar-fires of Heaven !





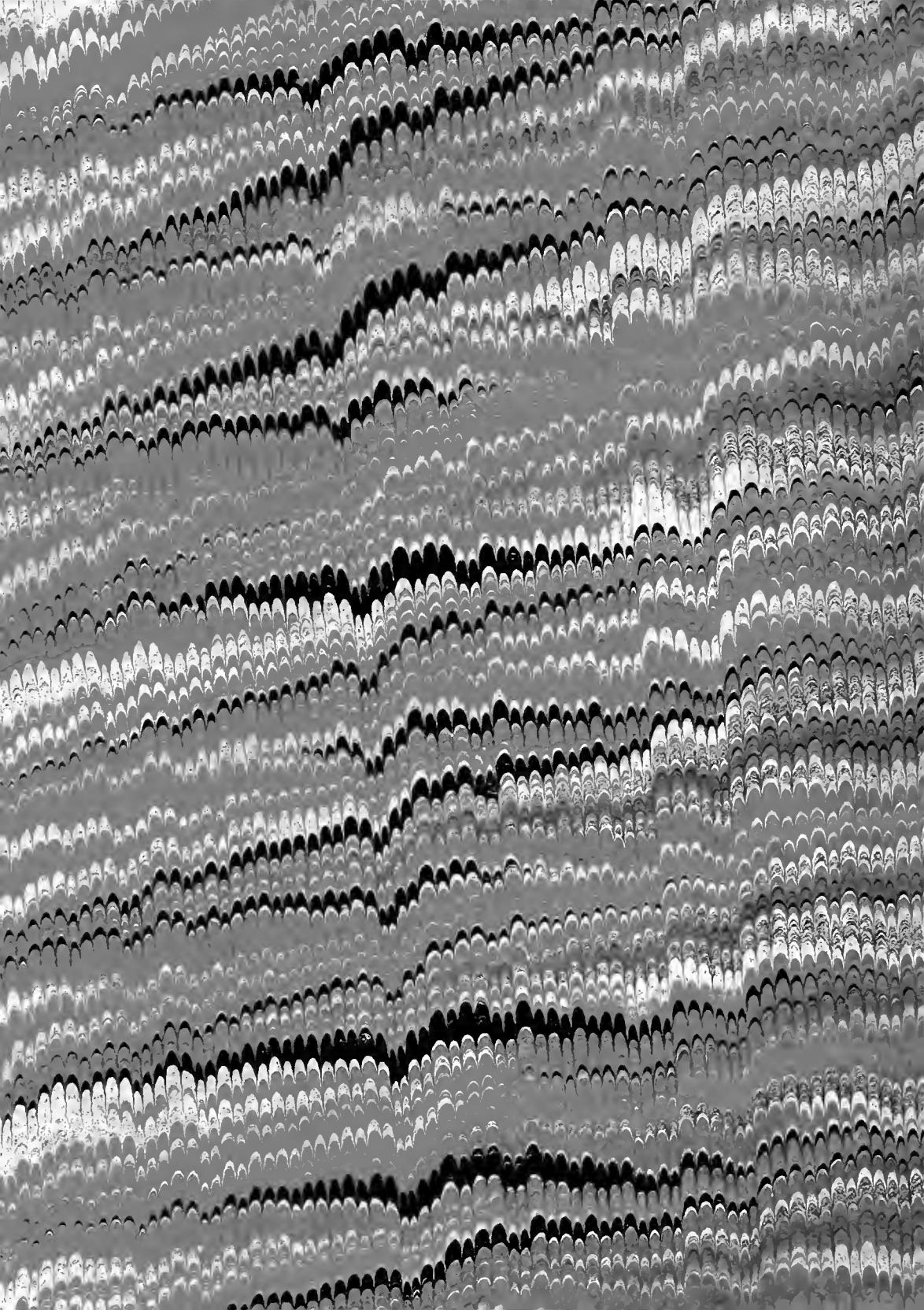


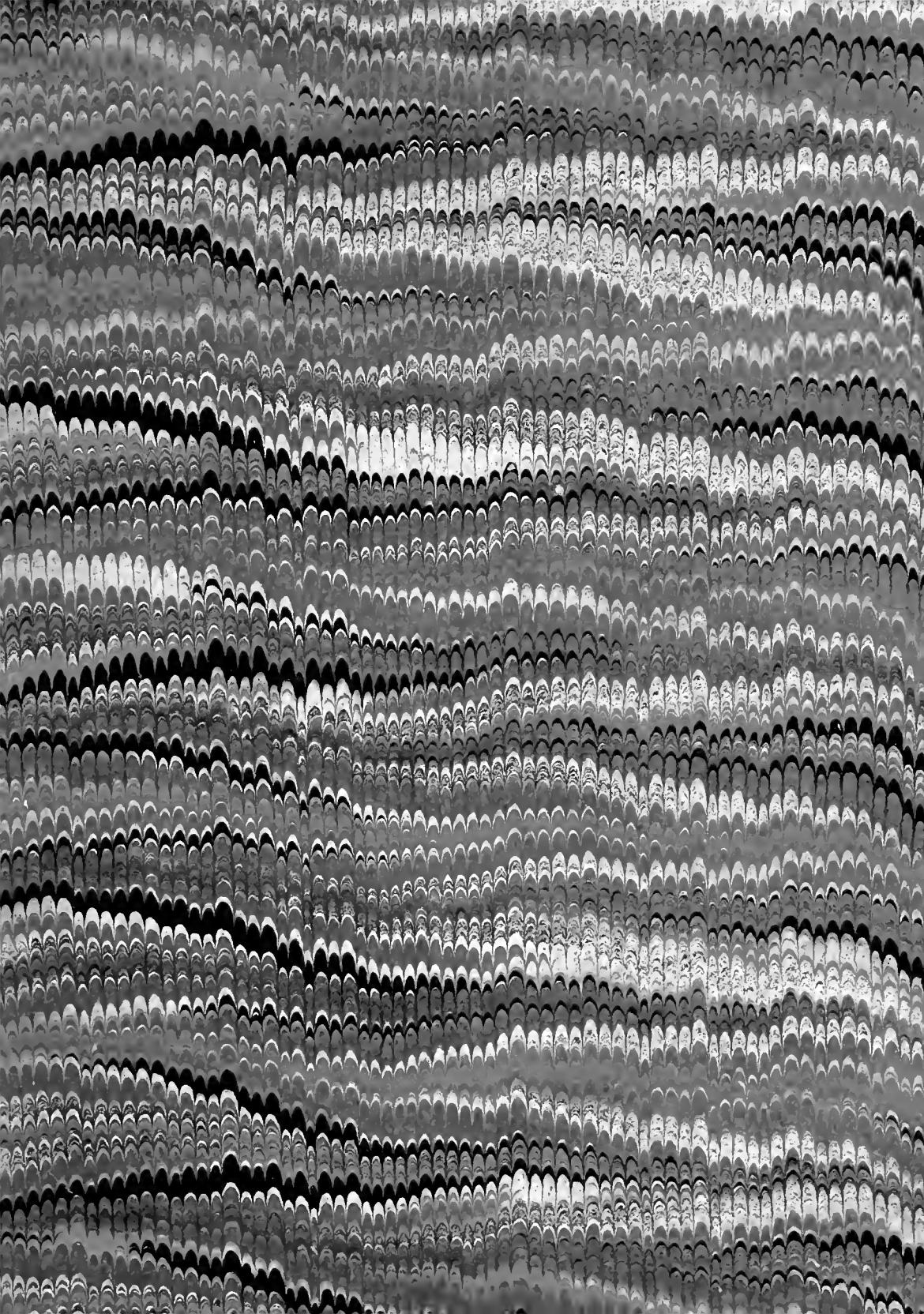












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